

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

There is a ghostly horse and its rider come from the tunnel to Seed Hill Terrace and ride off down Scotland road Nelson in the dead of the night.

In the heart of the charming town of Nelson, nestled amidst rolling hills and cobblestone streets, stood an ancient archway that held the secrets of a bygone era. Built in the year 1868, the arch on Seed Hill Terrace bore witness to the passage of time and the evolution of the town. Its sturdy stone pillars, weathered by years of wind and rain, stood as silent sentinels guarding the memories of days long past.

To the left of the arch, a narrow passage led to what was once the bustling hub of activity - the stables. Horses had once trotted eagerly through that very arch, their hooves clattering on the cobblestones as they prepared to embark on journeys through the picturesque countryside. Over the years, the stables had been repurposed, their purpose shifting from providing shelter to horses to accommodating the modern marvels of the automobile.

At the start of Scotland New Road, aligned perfectly with Forest Street, the archway seemed to bridge the gap between old and new, connecting the historical fabric of the town with the ever-changing landscape of progress.

But it was when the moon hung low in the inky night sky that the archway truly came to life, weaving its spectral tale into the fabric of Nelson's folklore. The townspeople whispered in hushed tones of a haunting that occurred when the world was cloaked in darkness and the streets lay empty.

Legend had it that, at the stroke of midnight, a ghostly horse with an otherworldly rider would emerge from the depths of a hidden tunnel beneath the arch. The horse, a majestic creature with a coat as dark as the night itself, exuded an ethereal glow that cast an eerie light upon its surroundings. Its mane and tail billowed in a wind that was felt by none but seen by all who beheld the spectral spectacle.

Perched upon the horse's back was a rider, draped in tattered garments that seemed to dance with the wind. Their identity remained a mystery, their face forever obscured beneath the folds of a hooded cloak. With a presence both haunting and intriguing, the rider sat astride the horse, reins in hand, as though bound by an unbreakable connection between the living and the spectral realm.

As the clock struck twelve, the ghostly duo would emerge from the tunnel that led to Seed Hill Terrace. With a graceful stride, the horse would pass beneath the arch, its hooves making no sound upon the cobblestones. The rider, too, was a figure of spectral silence, emanating an aura of both sorrow and purpose.

The ghostly pair would then embark on a journey down Scotland Road, their passage a sight to behold for any brave souls who dared to venture out into the night. The ethereal horse and its mysterious rider would disappear into the mist that shrouded the road, leaving behind a sense of wonder and a tingling in the air.

Over the years, countless accounts of the ghostly horse and rider were shared, each storyteller adding their own embellishments and interpretations to the tale. Some believed the duo were bound by an ancient oath, forever fated to traverse the town's streets in search of something lost. Others thought the ghostly ride was a reminder of the town's rich history, a bridge between the past and the present.

Whatever the truth may have been, the arch on Seed Hill Terrace continued to stand as a silent witness to the nocturnal apparition. It bore witness to the spectral horse and rider, a testament to the enduring power of stories and the magic that lies hidden within the heart of a town's history. And so, on the quietest of nights, when the moon was full and the stars burned brightly, the

archway would come to life with a tale of a ghostly ride that defied the boundaries of time and reality.

By Donald Jay.